Marie, Marie

Go wash your feet!
The Board of Health's
across the street.

We Irish asserted, thus,
hygienic superiority
in New Haven, for we

ruled! with Mayor Richard Lee,
after a centuries of Yankee
fucking. So we, in turn, of

course, fucked Italians.
My father linotyped at

The Journal-Courier, published
by John Day Jackson, who

didn't descend from Prospect
Street to cast many Democratic
votes. Italians eventually got

their Celentano, sedate funeral
director. No blarney. Well-liked.

Republican. Then, blacks strode
the wings restlessly, getting
into many neighborhoods. More

recently, they’ve had their mayor.
Well, it's the Northeast city.
And one hell of a broil.

Puerto Ricans next in line?
And old Yankees never really die.
Progression? Or loop, political?